

The Evening Standard

William Glasemann, Publisher
An Independent Newspaper
(ESTABLISHED 1870.)



This paper will always fight for progress and reform, it will not knowingly tolerate injustice or corruption, and will always fight demagogues of all parties, it will oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, it will never lack sympathy with the poor, it will always remain devoted to the public welfare and will never be satisfied with merely printing news, it will always be drastically independent and will never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
of New York
For Vice-President
HIRAM JOHNSON
of California

This paper can be found on sale at Los Angeles at Kemp's News Agency. Seven different stands.

CANADIAN ANTI-TRUST LAW.

The Standard has received a copy of the Canadian law on what is known as the "Combines Investigation Act," which promises to do in Canada what our "Sherman Anti-Trust" law has failed to bring about in this country, namely the uprooting of monopolies and combinations in restraint of trade.

A dispatch from New York, stating that a memorial has been sent to congress on the subject by the Merchants' Association, appears in this issue of the Standard under the heading of "Canada Has Trust Law," and should not be overlooked by our readers, as the memorial may be made the basis of much discussion in congress before the end of the present session and be productive of legislation along the lines of the Canadian law.

WHEN UTAH IS WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

No one can ignore the trend of events in the political field. The country is determined to turn out the Standpatters and clean the Augean stables in Washington. Reformation is in the air. People at the breakfast table talk of the unrest; men at the clubs discuss the arousing of the public conscience; women in their social circles note the awakening, and the whole nation is in a receptive attitude for the purification which is at hand.

What concerns us most is, What is Utah going to do? Will the little coterie of politicians that has dictated party policies, made up state conventions and suppressed public sentiment, continue to dominate in this state, or will the people throw off the yoke of servitude and declare their independence?

We know what Utah will do, if the people of Utah speak loud enough to be heard above the din of the noisy Standpatters. There is as much solid manhood and womanhood in Utah as in any state in the union, yet when denied expression in politics by the scheming, crafty manipulators that high attribute might just as well not

exist, so far as the outside world is made aware of its existence in national affairs.

But the hour has arrived for the people to declare themselves. The citizens of this state cannot afford to be longer misrepresented by their political leaders or to be classed as indifferent or laggards in the Progressive movement. When states like Pennsylvania throw off the shackles of political slavery, Utah should not be slow to follow the example.

Utah, what will your answer be when the people of the United States turn to you for a response to the question:

"Are you with us in this struggle for clean government?"

DAVID ECCLES' ACTIVITIES.

The decision of David Eccles to extend the Ogden Rapid Transit company's lines so as to make a network of rails over the city, is one of the most important acts, bearing on the future of Ogden, of the many things that Mr. Eccles has done in the upbuilding of this city.

And with the announcement of trolley lines extensions comes the positive statement that there will be no let up in the work on the Eccles building and that out of the ruins of the old structure will rise a fireproof building of attractive architecture eight stories high, a fitting monument to David Eccles' devotion to, and faith in, Ogden.

Before we forget, because, you know, the public proverbially is short minded, let us all frankly admit that Mr. Eccles has done much for Ogden; and here is hoping he will be spared a long time to do more and more as the years advancing hold him in thought and purpose nearer to this his home city and the place from where as a young man he started out with nothing more than a strong heart and a wonderfully well equipped mind to make his mark.

THE NEWS FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

And now for more explanations from the Standpat press as to why Taft was rejected by the Republicans of Pennsylvania. This is the second of the large rock-ribbed Republican states to turn from Taft. The state was carried by Roosevelt notwithstanding the strongest political "machine" in any state in the union exists in Pennsylvania and that this compact and well-drilled organization did all in its power to save Taft and defeat Roosevelt.

Is it not about time for the politicians to begin to look at the situation through eyes other than those that are so blind they cannot see anything unfavorable to Taft?

So far there has not been a Taft delegation elected by the votes of the people. The only pretense at a popular primary in which Taft has been accredited with success was that held in New York state, of which the New York Sun, a Standpat organ, said:

"There were no primaries. The whole thing was a farce. The machine was supreme and opened and closed the polls to suit its purpose."

Senator Penrose has held a strong hand over the political forces of Pennsylvania since Matthew Quay's death. He marshaled his army of workers and ward heelers and sought to do what had been done in New York state, but the opposition was forewarned and held the trickery in check. Though disorganized, the Roosevelt men met the political army and swept the Taft forces to an ignominious rout.

No wonder the Associated Press, in reviewing the crushing of the Taft adherents, says:

"Politicians look upon the triumph of Colonel Roosevelt with astonishment. The supporters of the former president were without a state organization or without a organization in many of the thirty-two congressional districts."

"The regular Republican organization, headed by Senator Penrose, which has withstood the fury of many political storms, received a crushing defeat."

"In addition to naming the twelve delegates at large to Chicago, the convention will select thirty-eight presidential electors,

THE Packard SHOE
FOR MEN
— CONFIDENCE —
In the style and shape of your footwear sets the mind easy. The fine wearing qualities and correct style in PACKARDS are a matter of pride and satisfaction to the wearer.
A Handsome, Conservative Style.
OGDEN'S MOST POPULAR SHOE STORE.
SHINE, 5c. STEP IN.

What Will You Be at 60

If your "air castle" fails to materialize? Help your air castle along by doing something practical! One single dollar put away in our Savings Department will make a good, solid foundation. By saving part of your earnings and depositing the amount here regularly you will soon have a good substantial bank account. You can shape your own future by acting today—here—NOW!

THE OGDEN SAVINGS BANK, OGDEN, UTAH
OFFICERS—David Eccles, President; Henry H. Rolapp, Vice President; Chas. H. Barton, Cashier. Capital and Surplus, \$100,000 2384 WASHINGTON AVE.

Bulley Says

No woman likes to have rough hands or chapped face. Spring winds are blowing and no one can escape. But if you would be free from rough skin annoyances, use CULLEY'S BELLA DERMIA CREAM. It will heal, soften and whiten the skin. 25c and 50c.

Culley Drug Co.

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS
Everything in the Drug Line.
2419 Wash. Ave., Ogden, Utah

Lens Grinders

We have increased our shop. We have increased our help. We have increased our business. The reason is simple. We do our work right in every particular.

J. T. RUSHMER OPTICAL CO.
2464 Wash. Ave.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES FOR SALE

John C. Baker, at the Cozy Billiard Room, 326 25th Street, sells the Minn Table. It is the best table manufactured in America, and used in most of the Eastern Clubs and by people who know. I also buy and sell second-hand tables and do repair work in first-class shape.

OPENED BY MISTAKE

By NAN LORD and CHESTER KANE



ON Tuesday morning the mail-coach brought in the well-studied rumor that Buckton had really been located again—this time in the foothills beyond the Star-Y range. By noon on Tuesday, despite the fact that Buckton had been definitely located five times in the last two months, without ever being taken in the flesh—Sheriff Reed galloped out of Philpottown with a posse of seven behind him. Philpottown may not be strong on population or culture or commerce, but when it comes to sending out a sheriff's posse in good shape at short notice, Philpottown is there!

Just before sunset on Thursday they came upon Buckton.

Buckton was sitting, hunched into a miserable ball, just as he had fallen when the spunky little black mare dropped dead six hours before. He was the God-forsaken wreck of a man, hardly over thirty.

What clothes he still owned were tattered; scantily covered bones literally protruded through the rents and holes. His hat was crumpled; the straggling beard of weeks gave his gaunt face much the look of the traditional "wild man." His thin hands were clenched over bare knees. His cheeks cracked suddenly into a smile nothing less than ghastly.

"You're got me, Bull," he said. "I never thought you had wit enough for the job, but you've got me. Go ahead with your fun. What do you want?"

"Well, the Philpottown grain and feed man, took the liberty of laughing. Bull's official dignity came back, and he straightened up suddenly.

"I've got a warrant here for your arrest, Buckton," he said. "In fact, I have four of them, but the last's the one I'm going to use. They charge you with horse-stealing and cow-rustling. One of 'em's been sworn out on a complaint of smashing down a bank-clerk in Kinsville and taking three hundred dollars from him in broad daylight. Here they are, if you want to read 'em."

"I'll take your word for it, Bull," The weird smile came again.

"Then—"

The derelict hitched to a little mare—

"I—" Buckton gulped. Bull, pistols notwithstanding, went forward with a stride.

"You ain't," he thundered. "You ain't goin' to take this man out of my hands and—"

The seven took to shouting again—and the sheriff all but rubbed his eyes. He had known very well that sentiment was very, very much against Buckton; yet he had most certainly believed that the seven representative men of Philpottown whom he had picked for the ride were standing for law and order.

Carter, the old-eyed one, remarked: "That man's going to swing, Dick. You just look away and forget it. It'll be over quick. Yer rope ready, Tom?"

"Umum."

"Then—"

"Say! Hold on a minute!" Bull's face was almost as white as he fumbled in an inner pocket. "Just a second. I'll submit, I suppose—and I'll arrest every man jack of you when we get home, but—"

He fumbled further; and he produced a much-solled envelope that seemed to have gone through many stages of the United States mail service, and he handed it to the wretched Buckton with:

"Here! That came to town for you a month ago, when we were chasing you around Duncan's ranch. I—I said I'd deliver it in person."

It had been a grim joke at the time; it was a far grimmer one now, and Bull set his teeth and stared at Buckton and wondered if there was no earthly line of reasoning that could be advanced to save the situation.

Buckton, however, was paying him no attention whatever. One glance at the envelope and the captive's eyes narrowed in a sudden wince. His dry tongue came out and moistened his cracked, hairy lips. His hand shut over the envelope until the thing was crushed into a crinkled mass.

And then Buckton's face grew stony. He tore the thing open, and a folded sheet of paper, written from end to end in a fine, thin hand. His head dropped low, until the unlovely chin all but touched the ragged chest. Buckton read on and on, oblivious to all else in the world.

At last he raised his head abruptly, and, folding the sheet, replaced it carefully in the envelope. He held it forth and thrust it into the hand of the astonished sheriff with:

"Will you do me one last favor? It's very much. Won't be any trouble to you?"

"Well, if it's anything—"

"Just stick that together again, Bull, with a piece of paper or something. Then mark it 'opened by mistake' and drop it in the mail-box in town. The address is on the back, and it's got to—where it came from." He

paused a little and clasped his hands behind his back, in calm defiance of the coming fate. "Opened by mistake." Understand? Yes? Well, then—go on, and be darned to you all!"

Buckton waited, motionless.

Bull seemed rather staggered as the group crowded about him and stared curiously at the letter.

"Well, I'll do that, Buckton—" the sheriff began.

"Aw! Let's see it—" Menken laughed as he snatched the little envelope suddenly and held it aloft.

Buckton started forward with an oath, to be stopped short by Carter's gun. Bull, too, made a move toward the saloon man, but the latter waved the letter over his head and cried:

"Well, we'll make an investigation, Bull. Maybe this here's more evidence, or maybe—"

Bull crossed off again and drew forth the sheet. As he did so Buckton shouted shrilly:

"Put that back, Menken! Put that back! If you don't and I live, I'll kill you; and if I die, I'll come back from hell and haunt you every day!"

"Girl in the case!" Carter observed facetiously.

Menken, who owned latent dramatic tendencies, had cocked himself jauntily side-saddle on his horse. The little sheet was extended now, and Menken's full-throated voice roared forth:

"Listen! Here she goes: 'My dear sonny boy—'

"She's sure fond of him, ain't she?" the red-haired one chuckled.

Menken read on gleefully:

"My dear sonny boy:

"Do write and tell me what is the matter. It is over a month now since I have heard from you. The last letter you wrote—the one with the fifty dollars and the money-order for one hundred—came on your birthday, and I was very, very glad to hear from you and thank you for the

week I looked some better, though worried. Mr. Welch was asking about you day before yesterday. He said, whenever you get ready to come back, you could have your old place in the store. He said he couldn't pay any more than eleven dollars a week, but he said—he always does—that Insburg is bound to be the biggest town in Indiana within twenty years, and that whoever grows up with his store, will be among the foremost citizens. It made me wish so much that you were back, Neddy. I thought of you all night and wondered if you wouldn't be better home."

"This should reach you by Thursday. Please write as soon as you can and tell me about everything. Good night, my little son."

"Mother."

Menken had read his way to the end. Just now his eyes dropped, and, without comment, he replaced the letter rather carefully and tapped his knee with it.

Nor did the group seem inclined toward hilarious comment. Carter emitted a little snort and stopped.

The red-haired one essayed a contemptuous chuckle, and it died out in rather sickly fashion.

The last puff of wind had died away now, and the silence was intense. Out of it came long, whistling, wheezing breaths from the derelict—big, rasping gasps of pure, infuriated pain.

Then:

"What that letter back to Bull!" Menken returned it silently.

"And you'll swear to send it off, Bull?"

"I'll sure send it off, Buckton, but—" The sheriff looked at the dry ground for a little while. "But—" "But what does it mean?" the captive cried. "It means just what it says! It means that my mother's back home in that little town in Indiana, waiting for the black sheep of the family to come back and show that he isn't a black sheep! It means—oh!"

Buckton looked them over almost wildly, and when he spoke the words seemed hardly addressed to the lynching-group.

"My mother brought me up with the idea that I couldn't hit anything less than the Presidency," he said. "I was the only boy, and dad died when I was little. She scribbled and scraped and kept me in school and put me through college when she and the girls didn't have enough to eat. She sent me to New York; and when I made a flat there, she got me back home and took me in her arms and told me it'd be all right, and I'd only have to try over again, and that everybody fell down flat time and did better for it. She tried to start me right in the town back home, and when I got sore on it, she was the one that raised the cash—"

God knows how!—to send me out here, to try a new country and make a big hit!"

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily. "But I want to tell you this—" "My mother's sick. She'll never get well. She may live a year or five years. But she mustn't ever know how or where or why I shuffled off, and she's got to die believing that her only son lived. Dye understand? I've been keeping up the impression by stealing, and, if it's made her any happier, I'm glad of it! I'm glad of it! I'm a bad egg; and if I had it to do over again, maybe I'd be a better one, but—"

"What that letter back to Bull!" Menken returned it silently.

"And you'll swear to send it off, Bull?"

"I'll sure send it off, Buckton, but—" The sheriff looked at the dry ground for a little while. "But—" "But what does it mean?" the captive cried. "It means just what it says! It means that my mother's back home in that little town in Indiana, waiting for the black sheep of the family to come back and show that he isn't a black sheep! It means—oh!"

Buckton looked them over almost wildly, and when he spoke the words seemed hardly addressed to the lynching-group.

"My mother brought me up with the idea that I couldn't hit anything less than the Presidency," he said. "I was the only boy, and dad died when I was little. She scribbled and scraped and kept me in school and put me through college when she and the girls didn't have enough to eat. She sent me to New York; and when I made a flat there, she got me back home and took me in her arms and told me it'd be all right, and I'd only have to try over again, and that everybody fell down flat time and did better for it. She tried to start me right in the town back home, and when I got sore on it, she was the one that raised the cash—"

God knows how!—to send me out here, to try a new country and make a big hit!"

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.

"I guess that's all," he said huskily.

"But I want to tell you this—" Menken's voice mounted to the end of her day that I did make that hit!"

Bull was squinting at him. The ragged, whistled wreck leaned forward, and his glittering eyes grew more intense.

"I came on here, and I didn't make good," he said. "I tried everything, and I hit nothing. Then I got a chance to steal a horse and sell him, and I did—and I sent back the money and told mother I was in a good job. After that I saw a chance at rustling part of a herd, and I cleaned it up quick and sent the money home. And after that—"

He stopped again and licked his lips.